Amb: Krown
7

Great Britains Beauties,

OR,

The Female Glory;

Epitomized,

In Encomiaſtick Anagramms, and Acroſtiches,

Upon the highly honoured Names of the QUEENES moſt gracious Majeſtie, and the Gallant Lady-Maſquers in her Graces glorious Grand-Maſque.

Preſented at *White-Hall* on Shrove-Tueſday at night, by the Queenes Majeſtie and her Ladies.

With Diſticks, and Illuſtrations, upon their ſeverall Anagramms, being in number fifteene, whoſe Names enſue in order on the next ſide.

Publiſhed by Authoritie.

Plectra gerens *Erato*, ſaltat pede, Carmine vultu.

The pleaſant Muſe Erato, *ſhee beguiles*
The time, in Revels, Dancing, Songs and Smiles.

Framed, and formed, by the humble Pen of FRANCIS LENTON, the Queenes Poet.

LONDON,
Printed by *Marmaduke Parſons*, for *Iames Becket*, at the Inner Temple Gate. 1638.

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The Maſquers.

1 The QUEENES Majeſtie.

2 Dutcheſſe *Lenox.*
3 Counteſſe *Oxford.*
4 Counteſſe *Southampt:*
5 Counteſſe *Carnarvan.*
6 Counteſſe *Newport.*
7 Counteſſe *Portland.*
8 La: *Anne Rich.*
9 La: *Katherine Howard.*
10 La: *Elizabeth Cecill.*
11 La: *Dorothea Sidney.*
12 La: *Elizab: Feilding.*
13 La: *Frances Howard.*
14 Mrs. *Victoria Carey.*
15 Mrs. *Saphia Nevill.*

The POETS *Apologie.*

WHere Cœlique vertue ſhines, my Muſes layes,
Freely, and fearleſſe, may divulge their Praiſe,
But where foule vice doth raigne (in Honors hight)
My Pen ſhall ſcorne to be their Paraſite:
In theſe rare Princely Dames (of precious lot)
No eye could ever ſpie, leaſt taint, or ſpot.

TO THE

MOST GRACIOVS,

MOST BEAVTEOVS,

and moſt Candide *Queene* of all Chriſtendome, our Magnificent *Queene* MARY.

MIrrour of goodnes, moſt Illuſtrious Dame,
My proſtrate Muſe, (adoring your
(great Name) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )
Preſumes here to preſent unto your Grace,
Your Anagramme; with all the reſt in Place,
Whom you were pleas'd to honor in this Taske,
(The rareſt Ladies of your Royall Maſque.)
Together with a true Acroſtique flame,
Aſpiring from the Letters of your Name.

A- *Pardon*

Pardon my humble Pen which (in your Fame)
Hath blaz'd the brightneſſe of your Ana-
grammè;
From whoſe cæleſtiall light, & vertuous mind,
Theſe Ladies (All) the milk-white Path doe
find,
(By your example) unto vertues height,
At which they ayme, with labour, and delight,
And in their Race, that way, do ſtriue wch ſhal
Out-ſtrip the other for the golden Ball;
Of theſe great Ladies, you the Leader are,
Who (like the Wiſemen) follow you, their Star.

Your Graces moſt

Humble Servant,

FRA: LENTON.

TO THE
HIGHLY DISCENDED
And Heroicke Dutcheſſes Grace of
LENOX, and all the great and vertuous
Counteſſes, and Virgin Ladyes, Aſſociats
in this Royall Aſſembly.

YOu rarer Beauties of great *Britaines* Court,
(Imploy'd in this moſt glorious Maſquing ſport)
At your high *Altars* I doe humbly proffer
Theſe Poems, which my modeſt *Muſe* doth offer
To each of your faire Hands, and gracious Eyes,
Craving you would receiue this *Sacrifice*
Aſsigned to your Praiſe; whoſe reall worth
My painefull Pen here ſtudy'de to ſet forth:
Though in the beſt endeavours of my Spirits,
I fall farre ſhort of your tranſcending Merits;
Yet pardon, Ladies, and accept the Will,
Of your true Honourer, whoſe worthleſſe Quill
Knowes

Knowes what he wants in *Fancy*, and in *Flames*,
Will be ſupply'd by your Heroick Names:
Thus grac'd, when you have read, I doe not feare,
A kind Acceptance from each *Lady* here.

Devoted to your Vertues,

FRA: LENTON.

To the Criticall Age.

TRanſlators, and your Anagrammatiſts,
(All know) are both confin'd to narrow Liſts;
Nor can a Rapture, or fantaſticke Flame,
Fly in it's full carreire upon a Name,
'Cauſe bounded with the Letters; where 'tis ſin,
Not with the Names firſt Letters to begin
Each Verſe compoſed by Acroſtique Art,
Yet to run ſmooth (with Senſe) in every part.
And for our Anagramms, ſome er'ſt did pleaſe,
To terme them (right) Nugæ Difficiles;
But if you will expect them without blame,
They muſt reflect o'th Nature, Beauty, Fame,
Birth, Honor, Breeding, Quality, or Wit,
Of them, whoſe Names your fancie happs to fit:
Which if you rightly conſtrue, ſurely then,
You'l find no groſſe fault in my modeſt Pen.
But if raſh Cenſure you will undertake,
I tell you 'tis more eaſe to mend then make:
Of which, I dare not ſay you can doe neither,
Till you have try'd, and faulty prove in either:
Then Bandy what you pleaſe, this Booke hath paſt,
Approv'd above, and ſlights each lower Blaſt.

An Anagramme upon the Name of our moſt gracious Queene,

MARIA STVART.

Anagramme.

I AM A TRV STAR.

Diſtichon.

A *Royall, Sacred, bright*, tru *fixed* Star,
In whoſe compare, all other Comets are.

Illuſtration.

A Morning *Star*, whoſe Roſe at bluſh and ſmile,
Shewes the dayes ſolace, and the nights exile;
A radient *Star*, whoſe luſtre, more Divine,
By *Charles* (our Sun) doth glorioufly ſhine:
No wandring Planet, that moves circular,
But *a tru*, conſtant, loyall, fixed *Star*:
A Star whoſe influence, and ſacred light,
Doth beautifie the day, and bleſſe the night;
Which ſhining brightly in the higheſt Sphære,
Adornes thoſe ſmaller *Stars*, which now appeare
Before her preſence; by whoſe gracious ſight,
Their numerous feet now pace with rich delight:
O happy they approach unto that Throne,
Where vertues are the conſtellation.
And let it be proclaimed nigh, and far,
That our Illuſtrious Queene, *Is a tru Star.*

Her

Her *Graces* Acroſticke.

M INERVAS *Darling, and the* Muſes *Eye,*
A *ll Natures faire Perfections in her Feature,*
R *are Preſident of vertuous Majeſtie,*
I *mparalell'd by any Mortall Creature,*
A ſtrea's *Godd ſſe, and* Diana's *Ioy,*

S *urpaſſing both in Grace, and Excellence,*
T *hat Sacred Queene, which* Haman *ſought to 'ſtroy,*
V aſti's *Succeſſour of ſuch Eminence,*
A *Royall Dame of great Magnificence.*
R *aigne (rareſt Queene) in Plenty, Pleaſure, Peace,*
T *ill* Sol's *extinct, and crazie Time ſhall ceaſe.*

An Anagramme upon the Royal Name of Lenoxes gracious and loyall Dutcheſſe.

MARYE STVART.

Anagr.

A TRVSTY ARME.

Diſtichon.

Vnto the world ſound forth this rare Alarme,
This gracious Rib, is prov'd a Truſty Arme.

Illuſtration.

AN *Arme* implyeth ſtrength, and courage too,
And women (though but weak) can mickle do;
But if you take it in another ſenſe,
Arme ſignifies a ſafe-guard, or defence,
And therefore when we ſhield our ſelves from harmes,
Our Martialiſts doe call our weapons, Armes:
Arme, Embleme is of Love, and Courteſie,
Which our imbracing welcomes doe deſcrie;
All theſe have eſſence in her vertuous Grace,
Giving unto her Lord a chaſte imbrace.
A Truſty Arme, there loyalty, and truth
Crowne all the Actions of her beauteous youth;
O happy Prince, whoſe love is ſtill kept warme
By ſuch a loyall, loving, *Truſty Arme.*

Her

Her *Graces* Acroſtiche.

M ARYES *bleſt Name you have, and* Maryes *Grace,*
A *nd* Maryes *Vertues decke both Soule, and Face,*
R *ight Royall Dutcheſſe, daigne t' accept a Muſe,*
Y *mploy'd, in duty, to your Graces vſe;*

S *acred Eſpouſals now have crown'd your Merit,*
T *hat by faire* Hymens *Rites you doe inherit*
V *nited Force; which Mighty* Iove *increaſe,*
A *nd long may you ſubſiſt in Love, and Peace:*
R *iches with Honour; Grace with Goodneſſe twine,*
T *ogether in your Gordian Knot Divine.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the Noble minded, and heroick Aſsiſtant, of all vertuous Actions, the Counteſſe of *Oxford.*

DIANA VERE.

Anagr.

AN AID EVER.

Diſtichon.

You are (faire Dame) that for the which you'r made,
Your Lords Aſsiſtant, and perpetuall Ayd.

Illuſtration.

YOur reall Anagramme (which here is nam'd)
Is the chiefe end for which you firſt were fram'd,
To be a Coadjutor, helper, *Ayd*,
Vnto your Husband, for which you were made,
To be a Comfort, Solace, and Rejoyce,
To him on whom you fixed have your choice:
This (Royall Lady) was your proper end,
Which morall, and diviner Schooles commend
Vnto your knowledge; next, in this Relation,
Is both for Love, Increaſe, and Propagation,
Nor is your chaſte Aſsiſtance to perſever,
For a ſhort time, but to remaine for ever
In *Hymens* ſacred Bond; a Loyall Wife,
And *Twynn* of Nuptiall love your totall life:
And ſo you are (renowned *Oxfords* Dame)
Who left behind him an eternall Fame.
By theſe, great Counteſſe, 'twill be truly ſaid,
Your Love, and Vertue *ever* is *an Ayd.*

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

D IANA as our Poets doe deſcry,
I s Vertues Queene, Goddeſſe of Chaſtity,
A nd you retaine her Nature, as her Name;
N or are your Vertues of a leſſer Fame,
A nd you an æquall Deity may claime:

V ertue and Nobleneſſe in you we find,
E nnately ſeated in your ſacred Minde,
R aiſing a rare Applauſe of your Deſerts,
E nriched with ſo many royall Parts:
That ſhould I ſet them downe in Verity,
The world would taxe my Muſe with Flattery.

An Anagramme upon the Name of the Sanctious and Chaſt Counteſſe of Southampton.

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY.

Anagr.

HOLY LIVER, CHAST EVER.

Diſtichon.

If chaſt, *and* holy (*Lady*) *you perſever,*
You'l be a Phœnix here, a Saint for ever.

Illuſtration.

LIke to an *holy* Angell, ſuch is ſhee,
(*Chaſt* Ladies *ever* likeſt Angels be)
O happy Lady then, more happy wife,
Whoſe *holy* converſation, pious life,
Is pointed in thy Name, much more thy Mind,
Which unto every *holy* Act's inclin'd.
The Hebrew (which in Myſteric is deepe)
Sayes thy Name (*Rachel*) ſignifies a Sheepe;
And *holy* Text declares, that Sheepe, and Goats,
Th'one righteous, th'other wicked Flocke denotes:
A *holy Liver* then (Religious Dame)
You are in deed, in Anagramme, and Name.
Being a *holy Liver*, none's ſo vaſt,
As to deny *Holineſſe* to be *Chaſt*;
'Twould be abſurd (each Scholler will confeſſe)
To grant the greater, and deny the leſſe:
Nor can they either; her *chaſt holy* Flame,
In all her wayes doe juſtifie the ſame:
By this meere Envie muſt confeſſe (at laſt)
That ſhee's a *holy Liver, ever chaſt.*

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

R *are, Holy, Chaſt, ſee how each Epithete*
A *dornes her qualities, which are compleate,*
C *haſtitie is a Hand-mayd to her given,*
H *olynes once will lift her vnto Heaven,*
E *ach Femals vertue on theſe two depend;*
L *ike Babe on Nurſe, or Indigent on Friend;*
L *ove, Zeale, Hope, Charitie, and all the Graces,*

W *hich Dignifie, and Deifie your Faces,*
R *ely on Puritie, and Holynes,*
I *n both of which conſiſts your happines:*
O *proſper in thoſe vertues, and perſever,*
T *he which will crowne you with Reward for ever:*
H *oly and Chaſt your Honour'd Name implies,*
E *ven ſo your true Acroſtiche verifies,*
S *ince you in Name and Graces ſimpathize:*
L *ive long (faire Dame) in Piety, and Peace,*
E *nriched with an Off ſpring, and encreaſe,*
Y *mpes of this Tree grow up, and never ceaſe.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the highly honoured and adored, the Countesse of Carnarvan.

ANNA SAPHIA DORMERE.
Anagr.
MANY A PAN ADORES HER.

Distichon.

For her *rare Beauty, and* her *vertues more,*
Many a *Terrene God doth* Her adore.

Illustration.

THe Poets faine, the Shepherds God was *Pan,*
And yet that Shepherd God was but a Man,
A Man of eminence, King, Prince, or Peere,
Who o're the rest rul'd in a higher sphære,
Alluding unto holy Scriptures Pen,
I call'd you Gods, but you shall die like Men:
Thus *many* men (who here are Gods on earth)
Adore her vertues, honour *her* high Birth:
For whosoe're shall view the majestie
Of *her* rare presence, and commanding eye,
May quickly (for a Goddesse) *her* implore,
And (secretly) *her* Princely forme *adore:*
But to *her* Beauty, adde *her* Vertues; than
Shee well may be *ador'd* by *many a Pan.*

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

A *dmired Lady! Beauties Excellence,*
N *atures chiefe Workman-ſhip, and Maſter-Peece,*
N *or ſo alone, but Vertues Quinteſſence,*
A *nd farre exceeding* Hellena *of Greece.*

S *weeter then* Iunes *new bloſſom'd fragrant Roſe,*
A *rabique Odours, or the Eaſterne Spice,*
P *erfumes of Aromatique; rare compoſe,*
H *ere vented at rich valew, and high Price:*
I *n her all graces, and all vertues ſhine,*
A *s cleare as mighty* Phœbus *doth at noone,*

D *eclaring her to be a Dame divine,*
O *f rareſt forme, reall Perfection:*
R *oyall in Mind, as noble in her Blood,*
M *aking each Muſe her peereles praiſe to ſpred;*
E *ven from faire* Thameſis *ſweet ſilver Flood,*
R *eaching vnto blew* Thetis *deeper bed;*
E *njoy (faire Saint) All pleaſures on the Earth,*
And of your Off-ſpring may there ne're be dearth.

An Anagramme upon the Name of the highly advanced, and vertuous, the Counteſſe of Newport.

ANNA BLOVNTA.

Anagr.

ENN, VNA AB ALTO.

In Engliſh, Behold a high one.

Diſtichon.

Behold a *beauteous Lady, honour'd* high,
Neere to the brighteſt Star in Britains skie.

Illuſtration.

BEhold another ſhining from on *high*,
Of Princely grace, and honour'd modeſty,
A vertuous Lady of heroick Blood,
Chaſt, wiſe, faire, witty, loyall, true, and good:
One of thoſe blazing Stars which (on this night)
Accompany'd the reſt in their delight,
A high advanced *one*, to *Mary* neare,
Plac'd with the greater Stars in Honors ſphære.
Behold Spectators (with a cheerfull eye)
How paſſing comely, and how gracefully
Theſe *high ones* doe adorne our glorious Court,
In Maſquing, Revels, and ſuch Royall ſport:
All eyes which on theſe gallant Ladies gaze,
Ne're weary, but with wonder and amaze.
Your Name no Engliſh Anagramme would take,
Therefore the Latine I was forc'd to make.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

A *s Heaven great Favours vnto you aſsign'd,*
N *atures faire Beauty, with a vertuous Mind,*
N *or are you barr'd of any terrene Pleaſure,*
E *uen ſo may you enriched be, and move,*

B *oth in good Workes, Zeale, Piety, and Love,*
L *aying up ſomewhat for your Cœlique Treaſure.*
O *n you (bright Starre) all meaner Eyes doe looke,*
V *eiwing your Vertues in faire Actions Booke;*
N *or ſhall they (in their ſearching) ever find,*
T *hat you eclipſe the glory of your kind.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the Royall, and reall lover of vertues, the Counteſſe of Portland.

FRANCIS WESTONE.
Anagr.
ONE FANCY'S VERTV'S.

Diſtichon.

Shee to the beſt of Centers ſure doth move,
Whoſe Circle tendeth unto Vertues *love.*

Illuſtration.

One of a royall Stock, and Family,
One of rare Beauty, reall Chaſtity,
A noble Lady (once of *Stuarts* Name)
Which fils *Great Britaine* with eternall fame;
Hath to her greatneſſe, goodneſſe of the mind,
And *fancies Vertue*, where ſhee doth it find,
Though wrapp'd in Beggars rags; ſhee wiſely ſees,
(Though Juſtice be not currant without Fees)
Yet *Vertue one* day, will have due reward,
When Vice (with it's Impoſtures) ſhall be barr'd
The place o'th Bleſſed; for which ſhee doth ſtrive,
By pious Acts, whilſt ſhee is yet alive:
Shee's *one*, a rare *one* too, who loves, and *fancies*
Vertue, before all pleaſures, ſports, and dances.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

F *aire Vertues Cittadell, and Beauties Grace,*
R *ich both in reall goodneſſe, and high Place,*
A *Lady of ineſtimable Worth;*
N *ot by a meaner Muſe to be ſet forth.*
C *ome all yee Siſters, joyne with one Conſent,*
I *n her Applauſe, (who is ſo eminent.)*
S *ince what proceedeth from my humble Bayes,*

W *ill but diminiſh, not augment her Praiſe:*
E *ngaged thus, for your Aſſiſtance I*
S *hall ſtudy to be gratefull till I Dye:*
T *hen gentle Lady caſt a gracious Eye,*
O *n theſe Endeavours on your Honour'd Names.*
N *ow filling* Brittaines *Court with your great Fames.*

An

An Anagramme upon the Name and Title of the beauteous, and vertuous,

LADY ANNE RICH.

Anagr.

RICH IN LAND.

Diſtichon.

Shee who hath all Earths pleaſures at command,
Is Rich in *all, and therefore* Rich in Land.

Illuſtration.

Rich in your honour'd Birth, and *Rich in* Name,
Rich in your Family, and *Rich in* Fame,
Rich in your Vertues, *Rich in* Chaſtity,
Rich in your noble Carriage, Courteſie,
Rich in your Conſort, *Rich in* Progenie,
Rich in religious Zeale, and Piety,
Rich in your Perſon, Beauty, Modeſty,
Seeming to us a Terrene Deity:
In all theſe *Riches* (which you doe poſſeſſe)
Heaven ſure hath lent you a great Happineſſe;
To which adde this (which is at your command)
Rich in Eſtate, which wee call, *Rich in Lande.*
To all may length of daies increaſe (with Honor)
And all *Ioves* bleſſings ſtill be heap'd upon her.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

A *ngelique Lady, Beauties Magazen,*
N *atures faire Glory, and Perfection,*
N *o Muſe can blaze thy vertuous worth, nor Pen,*
E *xpreſſe to th' life thy rare Proportion:*

R *ich every way, in Goodnes, Grace, and Name,*
I *n Honour, Bounty, and Urbanity,*
C *bacing all Vice that may detect thy Fame,*
H *igh ſeated in the Sphære of Majeſtie:*
Where may it ever flouriſh, and grow greene,
By the Reflection of our Sacred Queene.

An Anagramme upon the beauteous and vertuous Virgin, the Lady

KATHERINE HOVVARD.

Anagr.

KIND HEART HEAR WO.

Diſtichon.

If you expect kind *uſage from a Foe,*
In your diſtreſſe, then pitty others woe.

Illuſtration.

HEroick Lady! Chaſt, wiſe, faire, and witty,
Whoſe tender ſoule attentive is to pitty,
Which doth adorne your virgin noble Sex,
If a yong Lord for you (by Loves perplex)
Be drown'd in ſorrow, drench'd in amorous *woe,*
By the fierce dart of *Cupid,* from his bow,
And quite o'rethrown in that All-conquering Duell
Of love, whoſe fire burnes out his vitall Fuell;
Kind heart, kind heart! O be not too too cruell!
But e're hee hath his fatall overthrow,
Relent, *kind heart,* relent; and *hear* his *wo:*
And though your *heart* may thinke he doth preſume
Vpon your *kindneſſe*; doe not quite conſume
Him in his ardent Flame, which cannot dye,
Till hee find mutuall love to quench it by.
Thus from your tender ſoule, the world will know,
That your *kind heart* hath eares to pitty *wo:*
Yet not ſo pitty, as to croſſe your mind,
In Loves moſt Sacred Band; though Love be blind.
O may you, when faire *Hymen* you invites,
Be bleſt in all Loves mutuall chaſt delights:
Meane time, 'cauſe *Cupids* coales in you may glow,
If hee deſerve (*kind* Lady) *hear* his *wo:*

An

Another.

KATHERIN HOVVARD.

Anagr. AH, THOV RARE, KIND.

THou art the *Kind*, and Phœnix of thy *kind*,
Thou art the *Rare*, nay, *rareſt* of the faire!
Whoſe Vertues ſhew the beauties of thy mind,
And lovely hue, thy eye, cheeke, lip, and haire:
Thus art *Thou kind*, and faire, in ſoule, and face,
Of noble carriage, and of comely grace.
Blame not your Anagramme, *Thou Kind*, and *Rare*,
In whoſe chaſt ſoule each Vertue claimes a ſhare:
Wee may aſſoone the Northweſt paſſage find,
As ſuch another (*Thou*) ſo *Rare*, ſo *Kind*.

Her Acroſtiche.

K *now Gallants all, (who love her Noble name,*
A *nd Virgine Vertues,) that this Beauteous Dame,*
T *ranſcendeth far, the thrice three Siſters Praiſe,*
H *ere crown'd with* Pallas, *and pure* Veſta's *Bayes,*
E *nriching her with Wiſdome from on high,*
R *eligious Zeale, Love, Truth, and Chaſtitie,*
I *n whom all other Vertues we deſcry:*
N *or is this Fictive, for her glorious Fame*
E *xceedeth all Encomiaſtique Flame:*

H *ere Birth and high Diſcent (from auncient Kings)*
O *n her reflect; (as Heraldry now ſings)*
W *hoſe Grace excels the greatneſſe of her Armes,*
A *nd conquers Heroes with her vertuous Charmes:*
R *are Veſtall Lady, pardon, if my Truth,*
D *ne Honour and Applauſe, adds to your Youth.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the Pious, Zealous, and Beauteous Lady,

ELISABETH CECILL.
Anagr.
BY THY ZEAL ECCELL.

Distichon.

Certes, in Ioyes eternall thou ſhalt dwell,
If on this Orbe, in Zeal *thou doſt* eccell.

Illuſtration.

YOur Anagramme (imparative) doth tell,
That you (faire Lady) others ſhould *excell*;
And as there is a great Tranſcendencie,
In Birth, in Perſon, Place, and Quality,
From others, who in lower places dwell,
So you in grace, and goodneſſe ſhould *excell*:
That they (by your example) may delight
To imitate, though not attaine that height
Of Vertue, which your honour'd Youth doth hold,
Like Saphires rich enamelled in Gold:
But how ſhould you *excell*? Heroick Dame,
And gaine unto your ſelfe an endleſſe Fame,
Not onely by your Vertues mora'ly,
As Juſtice, Prudence, Temp'rance, Chaſtity,
But by a pious and a zealous Flame,
Which ſhall in *Sion* ever fixe your Name:
Doe, noble Lady! *By thy Zeal excell,*
And Earth will ſcarſe afford *Thy* Paralell.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

E *xcellent Lady, in your forme I ſee,*
L *ively delineate the Graces three,*
I *nriching you with Vertues from above,*
Z *eale, Meekenes, Piety, Faith, Hope, and Love:*
A *dorning your faire Soule, and beauteous Mind,*
B *eyond all Trimmes which we on Earth doe find:*
E *xcell you doe indeed moſt of your Kind:*
T *hy Vertues and rare Parts doe well deſcry,*
H *eaven of his guifts hath not dealt nigardly.*

C *ome all yee Shepheards, all that are (with ſpeed)*
E *xcellent, or with Pipe, or Oaten Reed;*
C *ome all yee Muſes from* Parnaſſus *Hill,*
I *here invoke* Apollo, *with his Quill,*
L *et all theſe now aſſiſt me in her Praiſe,*
L *eſt in the ſame I linger out my Dayes.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the beau-
teous Virgin, the Lady

DOROTHEA SYDNEY.

Anagr. THY EYES DO ADORN.

Diſtichon.

Thy *chaſt, and modeſt* Eyes, *ſo much* adorn,
That Beauties Queene, to thee, is but a ſcorne.

Illuſtration.

THe *Eyes*, they are the beauties of the face,
And of the feature are the onely grace,
The bodies light, moſt pleaſant of the ſenſe,
Feeding upon each objects excellence:
The proſpect of the ſoule, which taketh pleaſure,
Thorow theſe Organs to behold the treaſure
Of this large *Coſmos*; where (as well I weene)
Wee all delight to ſee, and to be ſeene:
So that to have a Body without *Eyes*,
Is like the world ſans *Phœbus* in the skies:
But, not to loſe my ſelfe, I will returne
Vnto your *Eyes*, your *Eyes* which *do adorn*.
The baits of Love, from whoſe inchanting parts,
You conquer, and inchaine the ſtouteſt hearts:
There Love takes fire, and from that traine, it ſtealeſ
Downe to the heart, which the Report reveales.
Beſides theſe ornaments (chaſt Lady, faire)
Your roſe at Cheek, your corall Lip, and Haire,
Your Perſon, Preſence, Vertues, all unite,
In which the greateſt Prince may take delight:
In rings by all your Servants, this be worne,
Next to their v nquiſh'd hearts (*Thy Eyes adorn*.
And let her be adored to the skies,
That is *adorn'd* with ſuch All-conquering *Eyes*.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

D *ull world awake, and with thy Dimme Eyes looke,*
O *'re all the Beautyes of Dame Natures Booke,*
R *ead till thy Eyes fall out, thou ne're wilt find,*
O *ne of ſo cleare a Beauty, cleare a Mynd:*
T *ake heed (you flaming Hearts) how you come neare,*
H *er faire, and princely Preſence; for I feare*
E *ach of you will be taken by her Eye,*
A *nd led into Loves wiſh'd Captivity:*

S IDNEY *(of Endleſſe Fame) whoſe rare Compile*
I *nrich'd is with ſweet Eloquence, and Stile,*
D *id not ſo much all other Pens controule,*
N *or ſo delight the ſenſe, as ſhee the Soule:*
E *ach Part of her deſerves the beſt of Men,*
Y *mployed in her Praiſe, beyond my Pen.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the flouriſhing Lilly of Vertues field, the beauteous,

ELISABETH FEILDING.

Anagr.

THY LIFE (AN EB) GLIDES.

Diſtichon.

Although thy Life (*like to* an Eb) *doth glide,*
Thy *Vertues doe aſpier like a Tide.*

Illuſtration.

LAdy, the firſt day of our life, and Birth,
Wee doe begin to dye, and goe to Earth;
And here's a Paradox to you I ſhow,
Our *Life* doth *Eb*. Maugre our time doth flow:
Leſſe yeares to leſſe, the more in age wee grow,
And yet our dayes, they cannot backward goe;
If *Life* then be *an Eb*, and fadeth ſwift,
Long *Life's* a bleſſing, and a heavenly gift:
The which, for you, my Muſe ſhall e're implore,
That from ſuch noble Stems wee may ſee more
Faire Branches of ſo high, a well-growne Tree,
T'increaſe your honour'd Name, and Pedigree.
Yet ſhee who longeſt on this Globe abides,
Her *Life* like *thine's* (*an Eb*) and quickly *glides*.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

E *ven as the Roſe, or Lilly of the Field,*
L *ooks faire and freſh, and fragrant ſweets doth yeeld;*
I *n the full Time, and ſeaſon of the Yeare;*
S *o this pure Lady to her Prime is growne,*
A *nd (like a Flower) bloſſom'd is, and blowne,*
B *eyond the Beauty which in them appeare:*
E *ven as the Paſſengers more curious Eye,*
T *empted by Roſe or Fruit as he goes by)*
H *ath a deſire to taſt, or plucke the ſame;*

F *ull ſo the noble Youths about the Court,*
E *nur'd to ſee ſuch Beauties here reſort;*
I *f they deſire to touch, it is their Flame:*
L *et then that Flame be quench'd in nuptiall Fires,*
D *eare Lady, ſo may both have their deſires:*
I *n which you'r knit, till one by Death expires:*
N *ow* Veſta *guard you, till faire* Hymen *ſhall*
G *reet you with Garlands, at* Loves *Feſtivall.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the ertuous, and Beauteous Lady,

FRANCES HOVVARDE.

Anagr.

HER FACE DRAVV'S ON.

Diſtichon.

Her Face (*Loves Seat*) *is Beauties Paragon,*
And (*like a Load-ſtar*) drawes *Affection.*

Illuſtration.

HEr lovely forme (the beauty of *her Face*)
Vnto the Graces is the onely Grace,
The Poets faine, that whereſoe're they ſpy
The Graces three, within one Phiſnomy,
There is perfection; But let them but view
Her ſweet complexion, amorous eye, and hue,
Where the freſh, fragrant red Roſe, and the white,
In *her* faire Cheeke doe mingle with delight,
Her ſnowy Brow, *her* Ivory neck, and haire,
Tranſcending Beauties Queene (who was ſo faire)
And they will all confeſſe, that they deſcry
A thouſand Graces in *her Face*, and Eye.
Her Eye, the neaſt of *Cupid*, where his Dart
Secretly wounds the Gazers to the heart:
Needs muſt *her Face draw on* then, and attract,
Which is ſo pure, ſo gracefull, and exact,
That Loves beholders (in their ardencie)
Doo all adore *her* for a Deity:
Thus truly wee may ſay, *Her Face draw's on,*
When all are turn'd to love, ſhee lookes upon.

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

F *ramed of Earthly Mould (Angelique Faire)*
R *eaſon and Senſe, begin both to diſpaire*
A *t thy Diviner Preſence; and denye*
N *ature a ſh:re, or in thy Face, or Eye,*
C *auſe they exceed this low Mortality:*
E *xpreſſe then that thou art of Humane ſhape,*
S *ince Gods in ſundry Formes have made Eſcape.*

H *eavenly thou ſeemeſt vnto Mortall Senſe,*
O *r if thou Earthly art, 'tis Excellence,*
W *here vertues doe attend on ſuch a Feature,*
A *Goddeſſe we may well affirme that Creature.*
R *are Lady know! your Honour, and Eſteeme,*
D *eſerves the ſame which you to vs doe ſeeme.*

An Anagramme upon the Name of the Vertuous, Witty, and Victorious Virgin Lady,

VICTORIA CAREY.

Anagr.

CARY A VICTORIE.

Diſtichon.

'Cauſe you to Vertue ever have an Eye,
Your Actions all are crown'd with Victorie.

Illuſtration.

IN your chaſt Honour, and your vertuous Fame,
In your rare Wit, which doth deſerve *A* Name;
In your ſweet Tongue, and language Elegant,
(Which in Diſcourſe no Rhetorick doth want)
In your rare Muſick, Mirth, ſweet Voice, and Song,
(Which doe *A* Captive Lovers life prolong)
In your ſo active Dance, and ſmoother meaſure,
(Which fils the Gazers with admiring Pleaſure)
In your deſires, and in your modeſt Love,
(To which all Youth doe naturally move)
In any thing your honour'd Worth ſhall try,
The day be yours, *Cary a Victorie.*

Her

Her Acroſtiche,

V *ictorious Lady! your ſo many Parts,*
(I *n reall Truth, repleate with high Deſerts*)
C *onquer the knowing Soules of every one,*
T *hat ſee's you come ſo nigh Perfection:*
O *ſtill be Victor in your Enterprize,*
R *aying your Name, and Fame, vnto the Skyes,*
I *n your faire Carriage, Lovely Courteſie,*
A *n humble Soule in Honours height we ſpie,*

C *auſing a Reverence, and humble Knee,*
A *ttracted by your high Humilitie,*
R *are Mirrour, in which you your ſelfe doe ſee:*
E *njoy all good on Earth, and when you Dye,*
Y *mmortall live in endleſſe* Victorye.

An Anagramme upon the Name of the truly Vertuous, and Happy,

Mris. SAPHIA NEVILL.
Anagr.
LIVE'S HAPI'N AL.

Diſtichon.

Where Piety true Vertue doth inſtall,
Her Life's *a* Happy *Pilgrimage in* all.

Illuſtration.

HAppy *in* Birth, and Education,
Happy in Nearneſſe, and Relation
To Sacred *Mary*, our moſt gracious Queene,
(Whoſe Parale on Earth's not to be ſeene)
Happy in Choice, *Happy in* Off-ſpring too,
Happy in all you undertake to doe;
Happy in Hopes, and *Happy in* Supplyes,
Happy in Friends, and *Happy in* Allyes:
Happy in Wiſedome, Wit, and Government,
Happy in Vertue (Beauties ornament)
Happy in her ſweet Carriage, Courteſie,
Eſteeme, Reſpect, Honour, and Chaſtitie,
Happy in her Deportment, faire Deſert,
(Which every where hath gain'd each vertuous heart)
Here ſhee both *Happy lives*, and drawes ſweet Breath,
And doubtleſſe, will be *Happy in* her Death:
Then Certes wee may her moſt *Happy* call,
Who (nought exempt) doth *Happy live in all.*

Her

Her Acroſtiche.

S ummon the Muſes all vnto her Name,
A nd when they haue (in a Nectarian Flame)
P aus'd on her Vertues, publiſh in her Glory,
H er reall Worth, (which doth deſerue a Story:)
I n whom is Wiſdome, Piety, and Grace,
A chaſt white Soule, and a ſweet Modeſt Face.

N o Pride can ſeiſe her, no, Shee's ſtill the ſame,
E rſt knowing when Pride commeth, then comes ſhame,
V ertue's her Obiect, Vice her Abiect ſlaue,
I n whoſe black Art, nor thought, nor Act, ſhee'l haue:
L ooke on her Actions, with impartiall Eye,
L oe then a Mortall Saint you will deſcry.

FINIS.

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